

**Kisses are the Best  
Medicine,  
Especially When  
From You**

**reddieforthispun**

# Kisses are the Best Medicine, Especially When From You by [reddieforthispun](#)

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**Summary:**

richie is sad and eddie cheers him up. fluff insured.

## Kisses are the Best Medicine, Especially When From You

Richie was pleased with life. Mrs. Kapsrabrack agreed to let Eddie go over for once. She hardly ever let him go near Richie, not since the Arm incident with It. Richie didn't feel like thinking about that, though. Shitty memories would just bring tears and Richie can't cry. Not now, anyway. His little Eds would show up and be all flustered over why Richie was crying. He'd probably demand to make Richie better. Then Richie would feel bad and once he starts crying, he can't stop. So Richie doesn't cry. Ever.

*thud, thud, thud.* Richie jumps up and runs to the door, smoothing out his clothing before he got there. Opening the door and expecting to see his Eds, his face crumples when it's just the pizza guy. Richie quickly pays him and takes the damned pizza. Eddie better hurry the fuck up, Richie decides. He missed him. Sadly eating pizza and watching Golden Girls, he waits to hear the familiar knocking pattern of Eddie.

*tap tap tappa tap.* thoughts of being lonely interrupted, Richie jumps up and nearly runs to the door. yanking it open, he grins as soon as he sees his Eddie. Eddie gives a smirk back before adjusting the blue shorts he was wearing. Richie bites his lip for a second, eyes on Eddie's ass as he bends over to pick up his bag.

"Come on in to The Richie Express," exclaims Richie loudly. Eddie rolls his eyes and fights back a giggle. Richie feels slightly deflated. Why the hell would Eddie think he was funny? he really wasn't. Losing the accent, he mumbles out, "I'm sorry. Come in." Eddie walks in and looks at his boyfriend with worried eyes. Richie shuts the door and slumps onto the couch.

Eddie looks worriedly at Richie. He never apologized for accents or jokes. Eddie sits on his Richie's lap, straddling Richie. Richie looks up at him with wide eyes. Eddie smirks and buries his head in the crook between Richie's shoulder and neck, looking like a kitten. Richie looks down at his boyfriend and puts his hand on the small of Eddie's back. Eddie looks up at his boyfriend and kisses his jaw gently.

"Richie you're really really pretty," Eddie says, eternally cursing himself after he says it. Pretty? Richie was gonna think he was a fucking weirdo... Richie grins anyway. He looks down at his Eddie. He was so fucking adorable. Richie wished he deserved Eds. He really didn't. Eddie was so smart and beautiful. All Richie did was make stupid jokes and get told to shut up. Or rather *beep beep*. His stupid mom jokes weren't even funny. Why'd he even bother with them?

"Thanks Eds. I mean Eddie! Shit... I'm sorry," Richie falters. He didn't need an angry Eddie. Eddie hated his stupid nicknames Richie always gave him. Richie cringed as he thought about it. Eddie whispers to Richie, "no its okay. I secretly like all your little nicknames, Rich. Just don't tell anyone." *Great*, thought Richie, *now he's lying to make me happy*.

Eddie shifts slightly and kisses Richie. Richie freezes for a second but melts into it. Melts onto Eddie. He was like putty in Eddie's hand. He'd do anything for him. He was a puppet Eddie could control. Eddie didn't of course. Eddie was absolutely crazy about Richie. Richie didn't see that though. He just saw Eddie being annoyed and loving him for no damn reason.

"Babe, are you okay? You seem ill. Are you ill? Or just sad?" Eddie ask him, reminding Richie of a mother. Not his own mother. Bill's mom, maybe. He figured Bill's mom did this type of stuff. Not sitting on Bill but asking about illness. He shook his head. He wasn't ill. He didn't want his Eddie worrying about him. Richie shakes his head. Eddie grabs his face and shifts slightly more.

"You're so beautiful," He tells Richie. Richie gives a lame smile and shakes his head, "not as hot as you, baby," he responds slowly. If Eddie thought he was beautiful and was staying with him, he must be somewhat attractive.

Eddie shifts again and Richie groans. "Hey, Eds, do me a favor and stop wiggling?" he mumbles and Eddie's cheeks go red. *Great job, Richie, now you've embarrassed him*, Richie internally chastises. Eddie looks up at him, cheeks still burning, and circles his hips. Richie looks at him with raised eyebrows. "Not right now, babe," he says. Eddie nods again, collapsing into Richies chest.

"Thank you," Richie tells him. He kisses Eddies forehead and sighs,

feeling content. Maybe Eds really did like the stupid nicknames. Maybe he even kinda liked the stupid jokes. Just maybe.

Moments like these were his favorite. Eddie in his lap, stupid tv show on, bad thoughts chased away by his Eddie. Tonight would be okay, he decides. Just maybe Eddie wont leave him. Just maybe they'll last forever. Even if they don't, Richie decides, no love he has will ever be better. Richie doesn't tell Eddie that. That sounds too girly. Instead he murmurs, "I love you, Eds." "Love you too, Rich."

Hearing it back pushed away any lingering bad thoughts. Who would have thought hearing that really did feel so great?